

## The Teenage Detective

by Silver Capital

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Summary: 17 year old Ian Vazquez is bullied and abused during the day, but at night he lives the life of a part-time crime solving, police helping detective. One day after finishing a job he encounters someone that could change his life and help him escape the place he despises.

## The Teenage Detective

\*\*Hey people this is my first fan fiction and I hope I did good because writing this was harder than I expected. I hope you enjoy the story and I do not \*\*

\*\*own Hetalia or any of its characters. I only own mine. Now onto the Story!~\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Today was just like any other day in my life...<p>

"Oops, my bad! Oh no I \_accidentally \_spilled my food all over your things. Oh, what's this? You want to cry you little baby, then go cry back to the horrid place you came from and never come back. You don't even belong here. Haven't you noticed, your invisible to the world. Nobody needs you, you freak. Hahaha!" I stared as the guy turned around and walked away, his friends trailing behind him. As he left I got up and started picking up my things from the floor, shaking off some of the food that landed on it. \_Literally, what did I even do to deserve this. This has been going for years now. It's true I'm not immediately noticed by people, but that doesn't mean I should get bullied by it.\_

I walked back home, my clothes and things covered in food stains. Another glorious day at school, nothing different from the rest of the school days. I walked up the steps to my house and unlocked the door. Slowly I twisted the doorknob and opened the door. Immediately

I noticed something that brought bad news. My parents were home early and I was still covered in food. I quickly went inside and closed the door turning around to see alcohol and beer bottles on the floor. I immediately knew where this was going. I tried to quickly and quietly walk past them since they were in the kitchen, but it was no use.

"Ian, you bastard get over here!" \_Damn so close! And they're drunk too, oh god I am so fucked, I already dealt with the crap I had go through today so why can't I just have a break from this torture just for once!\_

I walked over to the kitchen slowly with caution, only to be grabbed by the shirt's collar and then harshly pushed against the sink, hitting my head hard enough for it to start bleeding. I slowly got back up, using the sink to keep myself up. I stared at my 'dad' who had thrown me, then to my 'mom' who was holding a Heineken bottle and glaring daggers at me. \_Damn, they're really drunk. How am I supposed to get out of this.\_

"What'd we say about gettin' here on time! And wha thze fuck did you do to your clothez, do you know how much that cost us!" my 'mom' slurred as she stood up from the kitchen table. I glared back. I was tired of dealing with this kind crap.

"First of all I came on time, and second, I was the one who bought these clothes," I said with a plain yet irritated tone. Trying not to show any kind of fear in my face. But apparently it just made it worse.

"Don't talk back to your mother like that!" I knew where this yelling was leading to. I got myself together and tried to run past them. My 'mom' quickly reacted though, as she threw the Heineken bottle she had in her hand and threw it at me. '\_BAM'\_ a direct hit. I kept running as I clutched my head as it bled even more. I ran upstairs and into the attic. The safe place which I call my makeshift room.

I locked the door on the floor from the inside so they couldn't get in. I then walked to my drawer and took out the first aid kit box that I always kept in there. Taking the bandage roll, I slowly wrapped it around my wounded head. I wasn't the best at patching myself up but good enough. \_I should really learn how to patch myself up better than learning how to patch others up. Nah, I'll learn it sooner or later. \_I turned around, walked to the other side of the attic, and fell on my bed exhausted. I looked at my clock and it showed that it was 5:00. \_Maybe two hours or three of sleep should be good before I go. \_I pulled my pillow towards my face as I started to fall asleep.

\* \* \*

><p>BEEPBEEP-BEEPBEEP-BEEPBEEP- 'Click'<p>

I looked at my clock as it read 8:00, meaning that it was time. This was the only part of the day I were get to enjoy life like how I somewhat wanted. And the way I like to spend it is by helping the cops out, sometimes they ever seek me out. I got up and walked to my closet and took out some different clothes. That being some jeans, a hoodie, a pair of black goggles with orange lens for whenever it's necessary, and a mask that covers the bottom half of a face. The only

reason I dress up like this is to keep my identity a secret as much as possible. Or maybe it's because of all the things I do that will surely get me in trouble if they saw who I was.

As I finished putting on the clothes I walked over to my bed and pulled things out from under it. I grabbed a utility belt and stuffed its pouches with supplies. Those supplies being a small taser, pepper spray, a multi tool, mini flashlight, a 10 ft long durable thin rope, pocket knife, mini notepad and pencil, and candy for when I get hungry. Those are the things that can come to use in different situations and have been very handy in previous jobs that I have taken. After attaching the belt on my pants I pulled my hood and mask up, leaving my goggles on my head, and walked over to the attic window. I unlocked it and pushed it outward, where there was a ladder waiting outside already for me to climb down. \_Good thing they're too lazy to move the ladder away, or else I wouldn't be able to get down as easily. \_

I climbed out and began to walk towards the park nearby. Getting there I walk over to a specific tree and climbed it up to where the leaves covered whatever was in the middle. There, an entrance was seen as I entered the makeshift tree house I made and looked at the pinned papers on the wooden wall. \_It's a wonder how people never noticed that there's a tree house here, but I guess that's a good thing. Don't want my little spot to be found after all.\_ I looked at a specific pinned paper and read the information.\_ Okay, so a man is suspected for making and selling illegal substances.\_ I turned and looked at the wrist watch I had. \_8:21, I should get going and meet up with the cops already. They're probably waiting for me.\_

I climbed down the tree and ran to the address the cops gave me. Once I got there I saw the few police cars coming to a stop in front of a house. People came out with their bullet proof vests and guns, hiding behind the cars and waiting for a command. \_Wow, this many police. It's only one guy, isn't it. Do they even need my help for this? \_I walked over to what seemed to be guy in charge and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around and stared.

"Hello~, " I waved at him.

"Hello, you don't happen to be Grey right?" The cop said. I nodded to him as he said my fake name.

"The one and only."

"And you're only a kid."

"A teen to be exact."

"Wow, my partners were that desperate that they had to get help from a teen. At least it's a teen who knows how to help the police force. Okay, anyways, I'm pretty sure they told you what to do right?"

"Yep, go inside, raid the house, come back out with the guy." He just stared at me.

"Close enough, here's a gun to help you out-"

"Wait! You're actually trusting my explanation of a plan and this

gun?" He nodded.

"If you are that good as they say you are you should have no problem with this, but if you do we're all ready out here to help you out." Before going he handed me a pair of handcuffs and walked away to tell the others the plan.

I put the handcuffs away and headed inside the house. I walked past the door and into a living room. \_This place is a mess\_. There was trash all over the place and was making it hard to walk without making too much noise. As I turned the corner I saw the light coming out of a back room at the end of the small hallway. I quietly walked up to the door and looked inside, glad that the guy was facing the other way, or I would've been caught. I leaned against the wall and took out the gun and pepper spray. \_Okay new plan, pepper spray the guy and shoot if he resists. Then cuff him up and turn him in.\_ I nodded to myself in agreement and got myself ready. I quickly but quietly turned and walked into the room, spray in hand and ready.

"Alright, you supply is ready for you to pick up. Meet me here in about an hour or so." The man in there hung up the phone and put in in his pocket, returning to what he was doing.

I walked up closer behind him, but knocked something over in the process, getting his full attention. \_Damn it.\_

"What the fuck!" the guy yelled. He stumbled a bit but got himself balanced again grabbing a gun on the shelf near him. \_Crap. Should've checked the room for weapons before coming in.\_

I backed away and quickly took out the pepper spray, but was a bit to slow. He aimed his gun at me and shot as I attempted to move to the side, getting my arm in the process. \_Well fuck you then!\_ I then got closer and sprayed him in the eyes a lot. \_Feel the wrath of my pepper spray. I hope you go bling after this.\_ He screamed and jerked backwards hitting the table behind him, knocking over containers and spilling the boiling contents onto the floor. Along with the lit torch that caught the carpet on fire. \_Crap, well this house is gonna go down in flames.\_

As I began to cuff the guy I heard some shouts that came from inside the house and footsteps that were coming closer to the room. \_Oh, that's not good. Probably should have checked for more people too.\_ I stood up from the floor and looked at the doorway as two more people came in. These people were slightly bigger than the other guy. I backed away a bit and tried to think of a plan.

"Hey, who are you!" one of them said. Soon getting his answer as he saw the other guy pointing to the guy on the floor.

"Oh ho, you better be ready to die you bastard." The other guy said as they both began to run towards me. I began to freak out a bit and decided to escape by sliding under one of them to get out of the room. I ran into the living room and saw that they were near. I quickly took out the taser and hid behind the couch and waited for them to pass by. And they did.

"Come out from hiding already unless you want to-Ack!" He yelled in pain as I got him with the taser. He froze up and fell to the ground

as his partner watched the whole thing happen. He looked up and glared at me.

"You're going to pay for that." He said. He ran up to me and attempted to punch me in the face, but I ducked down and rolled behind him as I attempted to escape once again, but was punched before I could. \_Oohhh, that hurt.\_ I turned around and moved in time before almost getting punched in the face again.

"Ah!" I yelled as I kicked him in the crotch really hard with my foot before getting up. When I did I got the taser I left with the other guy and tased him as well, watching him fall to the floor. "Finally finished." I said turning around only to see the handcuffed guy attempting to crawl away to safety. I walked over to him, taser in hand, as it crackled with electricity. He saw me through his puffy red teary eyes and screamed as he tried to crawl away. I stood in front of him stopping him from moving.

"And where do you think you're going?" I said with a smile on my face. He flinched back. "Now I should tell you. Try to escape again and I won't end up using the spray next time." I said, showing him the taser and that I was also armed with a gun that I never ended up using. He furiously nodded.

"Okay, now stay here." I walked to the front door and opened it, revealing to the police that the job was finished. Soon the police went inside the house and took the people away. Just in time too before the whole house caught on fire. \_Hehe, I completely forgot about the fire... Oh well.\_ I walked up to the same police officer from earlier and gave him back the gun.

"Here you go, I didn't really use the gun. Nice working with you." I said as I began to walk away.

"Wait." I turned around to look at the guy. "Thanks for the help," he said, and handed me an envelope.

I stared at him and saw that there was money in it. Then again this is the only way I get enough money to get through things. "No prob, i'd do it any time." With that I turned and left back to the tree in the park.

\* \* \*

><p>I looked at the police report and smiled. I got my red 'Good Job' stamp and marked the report and finished. <em>Another job done, and another time to congratulate myself to some food with the money I just got.<em> I climbed down and stared at the money. \_I'm glad there's people nice enough to give me money for the things I help them with since I never ask for anything in return. But first, time to change out of this blood stained hoodie. And.. now... off to the store! \_I smiled as I tugged my hoodie down and climbed off the tree.

I walked into the donuts shop and stared at all the donuts displayed out in the front. I examined each and every one of them until I decided on which ones I wanted to get. I ended up getting two jelly filled donuts and a delicious banana milkshake that they make there. I got my food and payed with some of the money from the envelope and happily exited the store as I sipped my milkshake.

\* \* \*

><p>"I see the target. Are you sure you're ready for this you  
git."<p>

"I got it dude there's nothing to worry about."

"You sure about that? Knowing the idiot you are you can easily mess  
up and ruin the mission."

"Don't worry, trust me If I mess up I can just improvise."

"And if that doesn't work?"

"I'll figure something out because i'm the HERO!"

"Just go and get the man, good luck. And don't mess this  
up."

"Thanks bro! I won't."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I hope you guys liked it so far. <strong>

\*\*This is just the beginning of the story as some of the Hetalia  
characters finally come into the story.\*\*

\*\* Hopefully I don't \*\*\*\*make them out of character when I write  
their parts.\*\*

\*\* Until next time. BYE!~ \*\*

End  
file.